

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 53—VOL. XVII.

NEW-YORK SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1835

NO. 539.

A COTTAGE TALE.

(Continued.)

"WHAT a welcome! no father, no mother, to fold us in their arms; to inquire kindly of our welfare while absent, and bid us be joyful on our return. My wife went into the parlour, the scene of much suffering; she threw herself into the large oak elbow chair so often occupied by her father; there I followed her, and found her weeping. 'You will call me weak, my dear,' said she, 'but I cannot help it: as I entered the room my eye caught these pictures, that my father used to take so much pleasure in, and my mother clasped them with her own hands every morning; this elbow chair was always associated in my mind with the idea of my father. O leave me, my dear, for a little, I will soon join my sister and you; I will try to get the better of my grief, but a little is surely due to the memory of the past. I left her, and went to inquire after the young man whom I had entrusted with the management of the shop. But here I was to meet with fresh misfortunes, for I was speedily informed that he had decamped a few days before my return. My affairs were much embarrassed, and my property greatly diminished, as he had not gone empty handed. It came like a thunderbolt upon me, the baseness of the villain shocked me more than the loss I had sustained by him. I resolved to settle my affairs and give up the book-selling trade. This proposal was well received by my wife, as the plan which I would adopt would keep me more at home. I had paid some attention to farming, and had rather a turn for it, so I took a fine farm adjoining our house, and by various speculations in a short time I had added greatly to the value of my possession. The improvements I was daily projecting afforded me some scope for exertion, and the management of the dairy formed a pleasing occupation for my wife and her sister. Some years passed on in this manner, nothing happened worth relating to you. My wife had made an agreeable addition to our family by presenting me with two or three sweet little ones, the constant cares they demanded from her made her exert all her gait and cheerfulness, but melancholy had acquired the ascendancy in her constitution; why should I delay to tell you the dreadful period arrived when I was to lose her whom I loved so tenderly. I saw her sink, I saw the lustre of her eye begin to fade, I beheld with the deepest concern that lovely face grow languid that was never turned towards me but with a look of kindness.—I have felt what anguish of the heart it was to see the object whom we fondly doted on, wearing life away and smiling at its end. I will think I see her fond and anxious looks, when, clasping her children to her beating heart, she bade me live for them, and hoped they would be a comfort and delight to me, and a support when old age drew on. Her dying look is imprinted on my heart, and I would never wish to part with the dear remembrance. After having bidden my dear wife bid her father and mother, I began to think of some plan for the future regulation of my family, for the management of my poor

little ones, to obey the last injunctions of their mother. Before her death, her sister had been engaged to marry a young man in the mercantile line, in London, I foresaw that I would be left entirely alone, and in the distressed state of my mind I did not see how I was to go on. I found that I was not now equal to the management of the farm, therefore I sold it, in order to devote myself entirely to domestic duties. They all wished much that the children and I would come and live near her, that she might take some charge of them, but London was not the place for me with my slender fortune. Besides I wished rather to take a small house in the country, as it was better for the children, and I did not like to mix again in the world. After some search, I at last made choice of this one which I now inhabit. Here I brought up little folks. It is but a few miles from London, and they are somewhat under the eye of their aunt, and when I die I shall have the consolation of thinking that there will be somebody to take notice of them."

Here ended this afflicted man's narrative, and we retired to rest; but I slept none, the tone and look with which his story was accompanied made a deep impression upon my mind. I arose early in the morning, and after thanking my kind host for his great attention, I left him with regret, and a fixed determination to visit him frequently.

SINGULAR STORY.

The following is related in a collection of letters ascribed to the younger Lord Lyttleton.

"TO BEY your commands with some reluctance in relating the story of which you have heard so much, and to which your curiosity appears so much awake. I do it unwillingly, because such histories depend so much upon the manner in which they are related; and this, which I have told with such success, and to the midnight terrors of so many simple souls, will make but a sorry figure in a written narration; however, you shall have it.

"It was in the early part of *****'s life that he attended a hunting club at their sport, when a stranger of genteel appearance and well mounted, joined the chase, and was observed to ride with a degree of courage and address that called forth the utmost astonishment of every one present. The beast he rode was of amazing powers: nothing stopped them; the hounds could never escape them; and the huntsmen, who were left far behind, swore that the man and his horse were both devils from hell. When the sport was over, the company invited this extraordinary person to dinner. He accepted the invitation, and astonished the company as much by the powers of his conversation and the elegance of his manners, as by his equestrian prowess. He was an orator, a poet, a painter, a musician, a lawyer, a divine—in short, he was every thing, and the magic of his discourse kept the drowsy sportsmen awake long after their usual hour. At length, however, wearied nature

could no more be charmed, and the company began to slay away by degrees in their power. On his observing the society falling off, he discovered manifest signs of uneasiness, and therefore gave new force to his speech, and new charms to his conversation, in order to retain the remaining few some time longer.—This had some little effect—but the period would not be long delayed when he was to be conducted to his chamber. The remains of the company retired also; but they had scarcely closed their eyes, when the house was alarmed by the most terrible shrieks that were ever heard. Several persons were awakened by the noise; but its continuance being short, they concluded it to proceed from some part of the house. They very soon, therefore, composed themselves to sleep, and were very soon awakened by shrieks, and cries of still greater terror than the former. Alarmed at what they heard, several of them rung their bells; and when the servants came, they declared that the sounds proceeded from the stranger's chamber. Some of the gentlemen immediately arose to inquire into the extraordinary disturbance; and, while they were dressing the selves for that purpose, deeper groans of despair, and shriller shrieks of agony, again assailed and terrified them.

"After knocking some time at the stranger's chamber door, he answered them as one awakened from sleep, declared he had heard no noise, and rather in an angry tone, desired he might not again be disturbed. They then returned to one of their chambers, and had scarce begun to communicate their sentiments to each other, when their conversation was interrupted by a renewal of yells, screams, and shrieks, which from the horror of them seemed to issue from the throats of damned and tortured spirits. They immediately followed the sounds, and traced them to the stranger's chamber, the door of which they instantly burst open, and found him upon his knees in bed, in the act of scourging himself with the most unrelenting severity, his body streaming with blood. On their seizing his hand to stop the stroke, he begged them, in the most wringing tone of voice, as an act of mercy, that they would retire, assuring them that the cause of their disturbance was over, and that in the morning he would acquaint them with the reason of the terrible cries they had heard, and the melancholy sight they saw. After a repetition of his entreaties, they retired; and in the morning some of them went to his chamber, but he was not there; and on examining the bed, they found it to be one gore of blood. Upon further inquiry, the groom said, that as soon as it was light the gentleman came to the stable booted and spurred, desired his horse might be immediately saddled, and appeared to be extremely impatient till it was done, when he vaulted instantly into his saddle, and rode out of the yard in full speed. Servants were immediately dispatched into every part of the surrounding country, but not a single trace of him could be found: such a person had not been seen by any one, nor has he been since heard of.

"The circumstances of this strange story was immediately committed to writing, and signed

by every one who were witnesses to it, that the false credibility of any who would think proper to relate it, might be duly supported. Among the subscribers to the truth of its history, are some of the first names of this century."

FROM BISSETT'S LIFE OF PARNELL.

WHEN the members of the Scriber's club was in town, they were generally together, and often made excursions into the country. They generally preferred walking to riding. They all agreed once to walk down to the house of a nobleman, (we believe Lord Ebor's) about twelve miles from town. It was Swift's custom, in whatever company he might visit or travel, to endeavor to procure the best bed for himself. To secure that on the present occasion, Swift, who was an excellent walker, proposed, as they were leaving, that each should make the best of his way. Parnell, guessing the Dean's intention, pretended to agree; but as soon as his friend was out of sight, he took horse, and arrived at his Lordship's by another way, before Swift. Having acquainted his noble host with the other's design, he begged of him to disappoint it. It was resolved that Swift should be kept out of the house. Swift had never had the small-pox, and was, as all his friends knew, very much afraid of catching that distemper. A servant was dispatched to meet him as he was approaching the gate, and to tell him that the small-pox was raging in the house, that it would be unsafe for him to enter the doors, but that there were a field bed in a summer house in the garden at his service. Thither the Dean was under the necessity of betaking himself. He was forced to content himself with a cold supper, whilst his friends, whom he had tried to outstrip, were feasting in the house. At last, after they thought they had punished his too eager desire for his own accommodation, they requested his Lordship to admit him into the company. The Dean was obliged to promise he would not afterwards, when with his friends, attempt to secure the best bed to himself.

SILENCE NOT ALWAYS A PROOF OF WISDOM.

A gentleman who had the ill fate to have a son very weak in his intellects, was continually recommending silence as the best method of hiding his imperfections. It so happened that the father took his son to an entertainment, and for want of room to set together, they were obliged to take separate seats. After dinner, two gentlemen, opposite the son, differed in opinion upon a subject they were discoursing about, and rather than have any serious dispute, they agreed to leave it to the gentleman opposite to them—they then stated the case and desired his opinion—the son was silent—they waited a little longer, and then desired him to decide—still he kept silent—the gentleman looked steadfastly at him, exclaimed, "Why, the fellow's a fool!" Upon which the son started up, and called out, "Father, Father, they have found me out!"

REMARK.

SHINING characters are not always the most agreeable ones. The mild radiance of an enervator, is by no means less pleasing than the glare of the ruby.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

MASONIC CONTEMPLATION.

WHAT power but God's, could form an Institution To stand unmoved, nor suffer diminution? What is so ancient, grand, great or sublime, Or what but this, has been obscured by time? This Light Divine, effulgent first began, When God, in His own image, first made man. Shining in darkness, comprehended not, But by the wise, thro' revelation taught. What is all knowledge, Sciences or Arts, Compared to this, which life and joy imparts? Sweet calm retreat, and true Elysian rest, Where love, and joy, and harmony's comfort! A Morality, here will men's sight begin, His greatest boast, the title of a man. Here reigns a deep tranquility o'er all; No cure, no strife—all's a life, without controul! 'Tis lost to rhetoric; language can't express—Nor fancy form such finish'd happiness! The Architects the sacred Fabric rears—With undimmed art, the lofty arch appears! Peopled with sages, then each each constituent part Goes up complete, without a hammer's art. Jehovah's glory condescends to grace The scene Divine, and sanctifies the place. The radiant Eye, beams dazzling glories round, While, as yet, reigns a silence most profound! When Arts and science, and Poets' mysterious move, And Wisdom's taught in harmony and love. Lo! by the Ark, the sons of freedom stand, While God vouchsafes to bless the chosen band.

J. E. L.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ANACREONTIC.

FRIEND of my soul! this goblet sip, 'Twill chase that pensive tear; 'Tis not so sweet as a woman's lip, But, oh! 'tis more sincere. Like her deceptive beam, 'Twill steal away thy mind; But, like affection's dream, It leaves no sting behind! Come, twine the wreath, thy brows to shade, These flowers were culled at noon; Like woman's love, the rose will fade, But, ah! not half so soon! For, though the flower's decay'd, Its fragrance is not o'er; But once when love's betray'd, The heart can bloom no more.

G. M. M.

THE WIDOW, TO HER INFANT, IN THE CRADLE.

BLOSSOM of Hope! whose cherubs smile Can all thy Mother's woes beguile; Sweet bud of comfort! in whose face Her sorrowing eye delights to trace, Through every feature, opening fair, An image of thy Father there! Ah! gentle germ of joy unborn; Pale beam of an o'ershadow'd morn; How shall thy Mother's soul express Her hope, her fears, her soft distress. As bending o'er thy cradled form, She deprecates life's fatal storm! And prays, with all a parent's fears, For blessings on thine early years. Ah! take heed! condemn'd to bloom A flower on thy Father's tomb! Unmindful thou, that sorrow's power Had mark'd thee from life's earliest hour; Weekest as of many a bitter tear That flow'd upon thy Father's bier; And many a bright tear shed Upon thine own unconscious head; Yet while thy little cheek hath prest Thy hapless Mother's throbbing breast; No tongue could urge a plea like thine. To soothe a broken heart like mine. Pour through the breast so sweet a charm, And o'er despair's fall pang disarm.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

THE SPECULATIONS OF TOM FICKLE.

NO. IV.

IT is the opinion of some philosophers, that every soul on coming into the world, has at the same time created with it, its particular counterpart, tho' at the time of their birth they may be from each other, at the distance of the Antipodes. The particles which compose these separate parts of the same body, they suppose to be continually attracting each other, and in process of time to come together.—This they term a happy marriage. If, however, from the operation of adventitious causes, these bodies should lose their affinity for each other, and become the component parts of other bodies to which they did not originally belong, they then term an unhappy union.

In this way they account for the unfortunate bickerings and oftentimes tempestuous life of matrimony. It is much to be lamented that the authors of this theory had not laid down some principles to preserve the affinity and prevent the final separation of these happy-marriage particles. By this means a great deal of domestic strife and animosity would be banished from the world, and the Hymeneal torch burn with a brighter and more resplendent flame.

MR. FICKLE.

I am a young man, in moderate circumstances, and have the misfortune to be married to a lady whose notions of life and manner of living are much above my income.—So much attached is she to splendor and show, that her style of life must not be surpassed by any in the city, and has already reduced me to the necessity of borrowing to support her extravagance.—It is not fashionable for people of distinction to reside in town during the summer months, so that MARIA is continually teasing me for a country residence. She declares that the health of the child absolutely requires that it should breathe the pure and wholesome air of the country: in vain do I remonstrate with her against the extravagance of her living, and my inability to support it. She tells me she is convinced I am in a good way of business, and rapidly making my fortune. Besides her father, who is now advanced in years, and will probably soon put off his mortal accountability, is vastly rich, and she will be the sole heiress of his property; when, if I am now a little embarrassed, (a thing she positively denies can happen) I will be able to settle my affairs, and put myself in easy circumstances.

Would you believe it, Mr. Fickle, that I am utterly unable to convince her of the madness of such a scheme? that although I use the most irresistible arguments, she still perseveres in her resolution, and insists on my complying with her wishes. When I attempt to expostulate with her, she upbraid me with my want of affection for her, and tells me I refuse to gratify her in the most trifling things; and, in the warmth of her passion, even hints that I wish to trifle her expenses, to throw them away on abandoned women. She reminds me that I owe my prosperity to the generosity of her father, who is suffering me to use my addresses to her, has raised me to the condition I enjoy. Mark these ungenerous insinuations! My only wish is to live within the limits of my income, and keep MARIA, whom I love with the tenderness of my fiction, and to contribute to whose happiness is my greatest pleasure, and her children from poverty and want. It would give me unspeakable grief to see her labouring under the adversity of fortune; for enjoying this exalted attachment, she is an amiable woman.

Patience and disagreeable as is the task I have been induced to lay my case before you, in hopes that as MARIA reads your Speculations, she may be brought to see her error, and make me the happy man of which I believe she is capable.

August 27th.

MARITUS.

I cannot forbear commending the spirit of letter of my friend HONESTUS. He manifest a just and worthy indignation of the mean and pitiful creatures who are his subjects.

DEAR TOM,

If there is any thing which can provoke the resentment of a mild and forgiving disposition, it is that of a wilful misrepresentation of one's conduct. There is no one possessed of the common feelings of a man, who would not harbor some degree of resentment against so vile and malignant a spirit. It is a species of wickedness of so base and detestable a nature, that he who would be guilty of it, ought not only to be shamed as an enemy to mankind, but even hunted from society. I would as soon hold communion with an acknowledged villain, or with the veriest scoundrel in existence, as with a wretch who would watch me in all my movements, take cognizance of all my actions, and knowingly misrepresent them to my injury. It is scarcely credible that such an one can be found; that he is permitted for a moment to infest us with his presence, and is not driven forth as a pest and a plague to the community.

To such a state is society reduced, that it is with the utmost difficulty and hazard that I can trust myself in it. I am continually surrounded by a set of meddling and mean spirited beings, who pursue me through the town, as a lion would his prey through the forest. Not a single word or action can escape them. Not only my public but my private conduct is watched with indefatigable vigilance and circumspection. In public, to be sure, I could have nothing else to look for; but who could suspect that the hours of social life, and the more retired scenes of a conviviality and mirth, or the more retired scenes of a private circle were not exempt from observation? Who could suspect that the most innocent actions, the most circumspect and upright carriage were to be magnified into gross crimes and misdemeanors?

If there ever was a time which called for the interference of the good to protect the innocent from false and malicious accusations, or from the persecutions of the profligate, it is in such a situation of affairs as this. When our heels are trodden on by knaves and villains, who follow us up and down the world, to catch a word or action which they may wrest to our undoing; who, to ignorant to put a right construction upon the things and two wiles not to put a wrong one, make this their trade and occupation. Can we express too great an abomination for such an one? or can we indulge against him too great a spirit of resentment?

It should be the business of every well-wisher to society to assist in detecting and exposing these monsters of iniquity; of laying their secret machinations before the world, to show what base and cowardly hypocrites we sometimes cherish in our bosoms under the imposing name of friends and companions.

Long-Island, }
August 19th }

Your friend and class-mate,

HONESTUS.

ANECDOTES.

A melting sermon being preached in a country church, all wept but one man; on being asked why he did not cry with the rest, "Oh, said he, I belong to another parish."

PREVIOUS to the battle of Culloden, when Marshal Wade and the two generals, Hawley and Cope, were prevented from advancing as far as they intended into Scotland, by the severity of the weather, the following ludicrous lines were handed about among the friends of the opposite party:

Cope could not cope, nor Wade wade through the snow, Nor Hawley haul his cannon to the foe,

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, AUGUST 31, 1805.

Deaths in this City for the last week, ending the 26th inst:—Burn 1, cholera morbus 1, consumption 6, convulsions 3, drowings 3, dropping in the head 1, drowned 1, dysentery 2, fever bilious 1, fever malignant 1, fever nervous 1, fever putrid 1, fever typhus 1, flux 2, intemperance 1, mortification 1, old age 2, palsy 2, sore throat 2, sprue 1, sudden death 1, suicide by galvanism 1, teething 2, viciated abdomen 1, ulcers 1. Adults 24—Children 37—Total 62.

*An English lady arrived about 5 months ago, who died at No. 2 Elizabeth-street, after an illness of five days.

†Occasioned by drinking cold water.

The store of Mr. Abraham S. Halleat, at the corner of Water street and Bowling slip, was entered on Monday night by three black men, who, after opening the door, and taking out all the money it contained, with several valuable articles of merchandise, broke open a box of claret, and drank to such an excess that they were incapable of carrying away their booty, and were found yesterday morning on the floor in a state of brutal intoxication.

One of the property of Mr. Peter V. Van Zandt; the second was a free oysterman; and the third was a French negro, a labourer, named Louis Francis. One of them, we understand is an old offender, and held out inducements to the other two to engage in this nefarious business, for which he and they have been committed to Bridewell.

HORRID MURDER!

"On Monday, the 29th ult. about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Thomas Maples was shot, near his dwelling house, on the High Hills of Seneca, by his eldest son, Richard Maples, about 23 years of age, who had secreted himself in the gin-house, for that express purpose. This atrocious youth, in whom every principle of humanity seems to be extinct, had loaded his rifle with three large buck shot; saw his father coming from his dwelling house, and waited in his concealment, till he had got fourteen paces past the gin-house, and then deliberately took aim, through a crevice between the logs of the house (horrible to relate!) at his father! The shot penetrated his back, and came out at his breast.

"A jury of inquest was summoned early on the following day. The murderer confessed his crime and made some trivial excuses for his conduct. He was committed to Camden goal, together with his mother and brother, who were charged as accessories to the murder.

Dunmerston, August 12.—On the 8th inst, as a number of boys were at play in a grist mill occupied by Mr. Silas Fairchild, in Dunmerston, whilst a grist was grinding—the boy who was treading the mill requested the other's to keep away for there was danger: accordingly the eldest boy called or led the other's to the mill door, while he went up stairs to shut down the gate—but Nelson, a son of Mr. Josiah Ward, put his head through a hole and said John "I am a going;" when shocking to relate he was caught by the rounds of the wallow wheel and immediately drawn between that and the main cog wheel, which put an immediate end to his mortal existence, by breaking both the flesh and bone of his head in a shocking manner, bursting out his right eye, scattering his brains about the wheel and finally leaving his body a lifeless corpse in the wheel of it.

COURT OF HYMEN.

"THE mighty power that form'd the mind,
"One should for every two design'd,
"And then'd the new made pair."

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Tenney, Mr. William Fairbanks, to Miss Sarah Nicholson, both of this city.

On Sunday evening the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. Luke Burk, to Miss Elizabeth Maxwell, both of this city.

At Flushing, (L. I.) on Monday evening, by the Rev. Abraham L. Clarke, Mr. Benjamin Albertson, of North Hempstead, to Miss Sarah Willis of Flushing.

At Sauer, on the 2d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Whelpy, Mr. Abraham Clogson, aged 17, to Miss Lucette Soperelle, aged 18.

MORTALITY.

THE bow of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike, th' inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead—but to the grave!

DIED.

On Tuesday morning last, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Ann Maria Codasse, wife of Mr. George Codasse, of this city, in the 64th year of her age.

At Saratoga, on the 9th ult. Mr. Moses Cowles, a native of Connecticut, and for some years past a resident of this city, and occupier of the Coffee-house.

At Sterling, East End Long-Island, on Sunday last, Mr. Orange Webb, senr. aged 64, an old and respectable inhabitant of that place.

At Trenton, (N. J.) on Tuesday last, Mr. John C. Miller, of Philadelphia, in the 35th year of his age, formerly of the department of the Secretary of State.

At Quebec, on Tuesday the 23d of July, Mr. Duncan Ritchie, printer, of this city.

FOR SALE,

A black GIRL, aged 17 years; enquire at Mr. Jacksons, Catharine Slip, or to Peter Duryea, at the new Bridge, Newtown Creek, Long-Island.
August 24, 868—2v.

REGISTRY OFFICE FOR SERVANTS.

MICHAEL MCGREANE,

No. 9 Broad Street.

RESPECTFULLY informs the public, that he continues to receive commands in that line, from Employers and Servants, which he attends to with the greatest care and punctuality.

A few servants on the books well recommended.
May 25, 1805. 836—1f.

NOTICE.

THE public in general, and particularly, the friends of the LITERARY ACADEMY, No. 40 Park-street, are hereby informed, that the regular stated Vacation, will expire on the 31st inst. and, that the Exercises in the School will again commence on Monday, the second of September.—Where shall be given the most faithful attention, to the improvement, and advancement in Literature, of all committed to the care and instruction of

ENOCH ELY.

N. B. A few Boarding Scholars may be conveniently accommodated in his family.
August 31, 1805. 869—3f.

CASH given for clean Cotton and Linen Rags at this office.

JUST RECEIVED,

AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,
A large supply of the best Holland QUILLS, by the thousand, hundred or quarter.

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE GOOSE'S PETITION.

A PARODY ON "THE BEGGAR'S PETITION."

FITTY the sorrows of a poor old Goose,
Whose feeble steps have borne her to your door,
Broke down with sorrow, lane, and rust all use,
Oh! give me corn, and Heaven will bless your store.

My feather'd coat, once lily white and sleek,
By cruel pluckings grown so bare and thin;
These rags, alas! do misery bespeak,
And show my bones, just starting thro' the skin.

"Come, Biddy, come," that well known, pleasing
sound,
Stole in soft murmurs from Dame Parke's farm;
For plenty there, in youthful days, I found,
No waddle'd on, unconscious of their harm.

Soon as I reach'd this once blest, happy cot,
Feeding the pigs, came Parke from the city;
Mae kiks that halfpence I too surely got,
She said a broomstick, and knock'd out my eye.

A handy cur, sworn fast to all our race,
Some few years past when I was strong and plump,
Woe, if I liv'd, would run and hide his face,
Now liddly tears my breeches from my rump.

The wall ey'd brute next bit me through the leg;
A snotty boy, too, out of winton joke,
For whom I've laid, ay many and many an egg,
Seiz'd up a stone, and this left pained bone.

Togo from hence you see I am not able;
Oh take me in! the wind blows piercing cold;
Short is the passage to the barn or stable,
Alas! I'm weak, and miserably old.

Michael's fatal day approaches near,
Away we all have reason sure to curse;
E'en at the name my blood runs cold with fear,
Soinimalis that saint to us.

You have misfortunes—why should I retire?
We're born for food for man, full well I know,
But my poor fate, ah! never be like mine,
A poor old Goose, of misery and woe.

A numerous flock elected me their Queen;
I then was held of all our race the pride;
When a bold Gauder, waddling from Brook Green,
Declard his love, and I became his bride.

Geelings we had, dear comforts of my life;
But a vile cock, by some mad fancy hit,
My pretty cacklers kill'd, then stuff'd with sage,
And their sweet farms expos'd upon the spit.

The mud'ness next seiz'd on my tender mate;
Alas! he was too far to run or fly;
Like his poor infants, yielded unto fate,
And with his giblets, Cook, she made a pie.

Fitty the sorrows of a poor old Goose,
Whose feeble steps have borne her to your door,
Broke down with sorrow, lane, and past all use,
Oh! give me corn, and Heaven will bless your store.

EPITAPH ON A SLUGGARD.

L.O! here doth lay LAWRENCE lie;
Who, when he bade the world adieu,
Cried, "O what bliss it is to die!"
For now I've nothing more to do!"

ANECDOTE.

AN illiterate shop-keeper having an empty cask,
which he wished to dispose of, placed it before his
door, and with chalk wrote upon it, *for sale*. A wag-
gon-school boy, passing by, who was shortly after,
and perceiving the ignorance of the vendor of wares, imme-
diately wrote underneath, "for freight or passage, ap-
ply at the busy hole."

N. SMITH.

Chymical Perfumery from London, at the New York Hair
Powder and Perfumery Manufactory, (the Golden Rose)
No. 114 Broad Way opposite the City Hotel.
Smith's various Chemical and Cosmetic Wash Ball, far
superior to any others, for softening, beautifying, and
preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable
perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

Smith's Chymical Shagbent Lotion, for whitening
and preserving the teeth and gums, warranted.
Smith's various Chemical and Cosmetic Wash Ball, far
superior to any others, for softening, beautifying, and
preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable
perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.
Violet and palm-Soap, 2s. per square.
Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness
or sunburns: has not its equal for preserving the skin
in its extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen
after shaving, with pointed directions, 6s. 8 & 12s. per
bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair,
and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s.
and 8s. per pot.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. 6d. per lb.
Violet, double secured Root, 2s. 6d. per lb.

Smith's Saponette Royal Paste, for washing the
skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only
as above, with directions, 4s. & 8s. per pot, do. paste.
Smith's Chymical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the
Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural
tint to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable or Pearl
Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Estences,
with every article necessary for the Toilet, warranted.
Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes. Almond Powder
for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Circassia Oil, for glossing and keeping the
Hair in curl.
His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical
principles to help the operation of shaving.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 3s. per box.
Ladies silk Braes, do. Elastic worsted and cotton
Garters.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books.
The best warranted Combs, Razors, Elastic
Razor Straps, Shaving Brushes, Dressing Cases, Pen-
knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs.

Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. La-
dies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but
have their goods fresh and free from adulteration,
which is not the case with Imported Perfumery.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.
January 3, 1865. 831 ly.

TUITION.

THE subscriber takes the liberty to inform the pub-
lic, that he has taken that large, airy room over Mr.
Towsey's church, in Warren-street, lately occupied by
Mr. Jacob Ketchell, where he has commenced Teach-
ing. He will teach the English and Latin languages
grammatically, together with Book-keeping, Surveying,
Navigation, Geography, and the use of the Globes, Ar-
chitecture, Mensuration, &c. &c. His long practice,
and the great success he has met with in the line of his
profession, of which he has ample testimonials, induces
him to flatter himself, he will meet with very liberal
patronage.

UZAL W. FREEMAN.
This may certify, that I have been acquainted with
Mr. U. W. Freeman for a number of years, and know
him to be every way qualified for a teacher; and I do
freely and earnestly recommend him to the patronage
of all my friends in this city. JACOB KETCHELL.
July 27, 1865. 854 ly.

WILLIAM GRIFFITH.

SILK, COTTON, & WOOLLEN DYER, & CALICO GRA-
ZING, No. 56 Beaver-street, four doors from
William-street.

Cleans and Dyes all kinds of Silks and Satins, all
kinds of damask, &c. Gowns, and finished with ornaments;
all kinds of gentlemen's Clothes, Silk Stockings, and
Camel hair Shawls cleaned and calendered. He has al-
so erected a hot Callender. All commands will be thank-
fully received, executed on the shortest notice, and on
the lowest terms. (For Entrance to the Dyers at the gate.)
N. B. Carpets sewed and dyed, Bed furniture cleaned
and calendered, and Blankets resoured. Most stand-
ing water upon Cotton and Linen; Dyers stuffs for sale.
June 1, 1865.

MR. TURNER.

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has
removed from No. 15 Park, to No. 71 Nassau-street—
where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of
SURGEON DENTIST. He fits Artificial Teeth
upon such principles that they are not merely orna-
mental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature,
and so meet in appearance that they cannot be dis-
covered from the most natural. His method also of
Cleaning the Teeth is generally approved, and allow-
ing to add every possible elegance to the facial ad-
ornment, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the
gums. In the most raging tooth-ach, his Tincture
has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the decay is be-
yond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting
carious Teeth upon the most improved CHIRURGI-
CAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and
safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any Lady or Gentle-
man at their respective houses, or may be consulted
at No. 71 Nassau-street, where may be had his AN-
TI-CORRUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent
and valuable preparation of his own, from a Chymical
knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed for
last ten years, and many medical characters both use
and recommend it, as by the daily application, the
teeth become beautifully white, the gums are healed
and assume a firm and natural healthful red ap-
pearance, the loosened teeth are rendered fast in their
sockets, the decayed parts of some reciprocal dentures, and
that destructive accumulation of Tartar, together with
decay and tooth-ach prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had of
G. & R. Waite's Book-Store, No. 64 Maiden-Lane.
July 13, 1865. 836 ly.

EDUCATION.

IN consequence of earnest solicitations, the School
lately vacated by Mr. Lenzell, No. 17 Banker-street,
is now conducted under the Tuition of the subscribers.

Ambition is good or bad according to the end proposed.
It shall ever be ours to promote human felicity by the
most sedulous exertions to forward those studies in
our care in the acquisition of useful knowledge, sci-
ence and virtue.
S. MOORE.
I. McKEN.

Mr. Moore entertains too high an opinion of his
School No. 57 Roosevelt-street, to permit it to suffer
the least neglect by this measure; he is rather incli-
ned to believe that from it some reciprocal advantage
will be experienced by both teachers and scholars
institutions.—The whole school will meet weekly for
the purpose of inspiring emulation; and certain classes
for particular studies, such as Geography, the use of
the Globes, &c. as occasion may require.

N. B. The School in Banker-street, will open at
8 o'clock during the warm weather, where Mr. Moore
will attend till 9.
August 17, 1865. 837 ly.

NOVELS, HISTORY, &c.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE, No. 3 PECK SLIP.

Dornal, or the Speculator, St. Leon, by Godwin.
Amelia, or the Influence of Virtue,
Father and Daughter, by Mrs. Opie.
Romance of the Forest,
Consuelo, the Spanish Knight,
Beggars Boy, 3 vols. Beggars Girl, 3 vols.
Evelina, or a Young Lady's Entrance into the World,
What has been, Man of Feeling.
Beauties of Goldsmith, Spectator, 8 vols.
Rigid Father, or, Paternal Authority too Strictly
Enforced.
Tale of the Times, 2 vols. Clermont, 2 vols.
Abess a Romance, 3 vols. Edward, 2 vols.
Emilia De Vermon, Vicar of Lansdowne,
Algerine Captives, 2 vols. Haunted Carerz,
Amehose & Elmore,
Lionela, or the Cottage on the Moor,
Memoirs of Mrs. Robinson, &c. &c.

NEW YORK:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,
No. 3 PECK-SLIP.
One Dollar and Fifty Cents, per annum.